30 June

Beethoven's ample phrase. Absurd habit I had got into of letting the breath drop in the middle. It should swell with a single *inspiration* from one end to the other. It is just a fortnight ago that I became convinced of this (I should even say: that I became aware of it) and I am striving to correct myself to give nuances to the content of the phrase. Important progress.

29 July

I stop two thirds of the way through *Marius the Epicurean;* the advantage I get from it is not what I am looking for in English, Yesterday evening I read one after the other a chapter of *Vanity Fair* and one of *Oliver Twist;* this morning I finish the chapter I had begun of *Captain Singleton.* I am doubtless going to decide in favor of *Vanity Fair***

Cuverville, 9 October

I had left Cuverville with the intention not to return until November — or not to return at all and to go back directly to Paris. Ruyters, whom I wanted to take along with me to the south, brought me baclc here, where we dragged out twelve days under the rain and Marcel's bad mood. His hostility toward me, or at least the irritation I cause him, becomes more and more evident; and I believe he is in no way sensitive to the grief I feel about it. Each day I said to myself: I should have done better not to come back; in the future I shall yield the place to him at once.

The end of the month at Pontigny; rather hybrid ten-day period.

Immediately afterward I leave for Italy.

A week in Florence.

A week on the Adriatic (with a cold), at Grottamare, where I finished *Oliver Twisty* and at San-Benedetto.

A fortnight (wonderful) at Acquasanta (where I read *Paradise Lost* and Gosse's *Critical Kit-Kats).*

Return by way of Florence.

10 November

Got back yesterday morning from a visit to Les Sources while Em. is finishing closing Cuverville, which I left the last day of October.

I feel in an excellent mood for work; but disposed rather to read than to write, extraordinarily avid and as on my best days. Found by a miracle, at the scrap-iron fair in Toulouse, a little volume of Spenser in an

[22] All these titles are cited in EngBsh. *Morn® the Epicurean* Is by Walter Pater; *Vanity Fair;* by Thackeray; Ofeer *Ti&tet,* by Dickens; Captain *ton,* by Defoe.